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A  
COLLECTION

OF

NEW SONGS.

- 1 The Quizzical, Comical Family.
- 2 For a' That and a' That.
- 3 The Yellow Hair'd Laddie.
- 4 Mary of Castle Cary.
- 5 God save the King.



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THE QUIZZICAL, COMICAL FAMILY.

MY father and Humphrey Hum were like brothers;  
And when father departed this life,  
To keep up the friendship, I chose for all others,  
Hum's daughter, sweet Margery, for wife:  
To pay the first visit, I made no delay;  
But such people did ne'er mortal see:  
Humphrey's neck was awry, his wife had a hair lip,  
Deb squinted, Tom stutter'd, Mag rose in the hip:  
What a whimsical, strange, odd, queer, out of  
the way  
Set of frights, were this comical family.

Of some different liquor did every one guzzle;  
Humphrey, hot-pot; his wife, with a grace,  
Toff'd off cherry-bounce, till she foam'd at the muzzle;  
With brown stout, Deb grew black in the face:  
Tom, a fine foaming tankard of ale did display;  
Sweet Margery drank nothing but tea:  
So I drank with them all, hot-pot, mead, tea, and  
beer,  
Cherry-bounce, and three threads, and look'd almost  
as queer  
As this whimsical, strange, odd, queer, out of  
the way,  
This quizzical, comical family.

Next we talk'd about cards—one propos'd *whist* and  
 swobbers,

And began to slide, shuffle, and cut;  
 They cheated like devils, or gamblers, or robbers,  
 Some at cribbage, and others at put.

To be mighty agreeable, I wish'd to play,  
 Had each name recommended to me;  
 I play'd at Pope Joan, cribbage, put, and all fours,  
 Whist, commerce, piquet, beat the knave out of  
 doors,

With his whimsical, queer, strange, odd out of  
 the way,

This quizzical, comical family.

Next the company each his own song must be sing-  
 ing:

This snuff'd, that squeak'd, t'other squall'd;  
 One halloo'd, till ev'ry glass began ringing,

I was ask'd for my song, so delighted and gay,  
 Or to join in a catch, or a glee,

So I turn'd up rude Boreas, Tom Stitch,  
 Spongy Butter, the Dargle, Green Peas, Gramachree,

To keep time with this queer, strange, odd, odd,  
 of the way,

This quizzical, comical family.

At last, 'twas all settl'd, that I, the next morning,  
 Should marry this elegant bride;

Out set our community, mockery, scorn,  
 And two thousand neighbours beside.

Home to dinner we came, all so blythe and so  
gay,

As merry as merry could be;

We ate, danc'd, and drank till the stocking was  
thrown,

And quite us'd to the queer tricks and fancies I'm  
grown,

Of this whimsical, strange, odd, rum, out of  
the way,

This quizzical, comical family.

### FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

**T**H O' woman's mindlike winter winds  
May shift and turn, and a' that,  
The noblest breast adores them maist,  
A consequence I draw that.

For a' that, and a' that.

And twice as meikle's a' that,  
The bonny lass that I loe best  
She'll be my ain for a' that.

Great love I bear to all the fair,  
Their humble slave and a' that;  
But lordly will, I hold it still,  
A mortal sin to thraw that,  
For a' that, &c.

But there is ane aboon the lave  
Has wit and sense and a' that;

A bonny lass, I like her best,  
 And wha a crime dare ca' that.  
 For a' that, &c.

In rapture sweet this hour we meet,  
 Wi' mutual love, and a' that ;  
 But for how lang the flie may stang,  
 Let inclination law that.  
 For a' that, &c.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,  
 They've ta'en me in, and a' that ;  
 But clear your decks, and here's the sex !  
 I like the jades for a' that.  
 For a' that, &c.

### THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

**I**N April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,  
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain ;  
 The Yellow hair'd Laddie would oftentimes go  
 To wiids and deep glens where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,  
 With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn ;  
 He sang with so fast and enchanting a sound.  
 That sylvans and faries unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young Maya be fair,  
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air ;



But Susie was handsome and sweetly could sing,  
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That Madie, in all the bloom of her youth,  
Like the moon was in constant, and never-spoke truth,  
But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd and free,  
And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That Mama's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,  
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour,  
Then sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,  
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

### MARY OF CASTLE CARY.

**S**AW ye my wee thing? saw ye mine ain thing?  
Saw ye my true love down by yon lee?  
Cross'd the the meadow, yestreen at the gloaming?  
Sought she the burnie where flowers the haw tree?

Her hair is lint white, her skin it is milk-white;  
Dark is the blue o' her fast-rolling ee!  
Red, red her lip is, and sweeter than roses,  
Where could my wee thing wander frae me?

I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,  
Nor saw I your true love down by yon lee;  
But I met my bonny thing late in the gloamin',  
Down by the burnie where flow'rs the haw-tree.

Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white,  
Dark was the blue o' her fast-rolling ee;  
Red was her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses,  
Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me.

It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing  
 It was na my true love ye met by the tree;  
 Proud is her leal heart, and modest her nature,  
 She never lo'ed a man till ance she lo'ed me.

Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle Cary,  
 Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee,  
 Fair as your face is, we'r fifty times fairer,  
 Young braggart, she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee.

It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle Cary,  
 It was then your true love I met by the tree.  
 Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,  
 Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me.

Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,  
 Wild flath'd the fire frae his red rolling ee;  
 Yese rue sair this morning, your boasting and scornin,  
 Defend, ye sause traitor, for loudly ye lie!

Awa wi' beguiling, then cry'd the youth smiling,  
 Aft gaed the bonnet, the lint white locks flee;  
 The belted plaid faling, her white bosom shawing,  
 Fair stood the lo'd maid wi' the dark rolling e'e.

Is it my wee thing? is it my ain thing?  
 Is it my true love here that I see?  
 O Jamie, forgie me I your heart's constant to me,  
 I'll never mair wander, my true love, frae thee.

## GOD SAVE THE KING.

**G**OD save great George our King,  
 Long live our noble King,  
 God save the king!

Send him victorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the King!

O Lord our God, arise,  
Scatter his enemies,  
And make them fall.

Confound their politics,  
Frustrate their knavish tricks,  
On him our hearts are fix'd,  
O, save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store,  
On him be pleas'd to pour;  
Long may he reign!  
May he defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause,  
To sing with heart and voice,  
God save the King!

O! grant him long to see,  
Friendship and unity,  
Always increase:

May he his sceptre sway,  
All loyal souls obey,  
Join heart and voice, huzza!  
God save the King!

FINIS